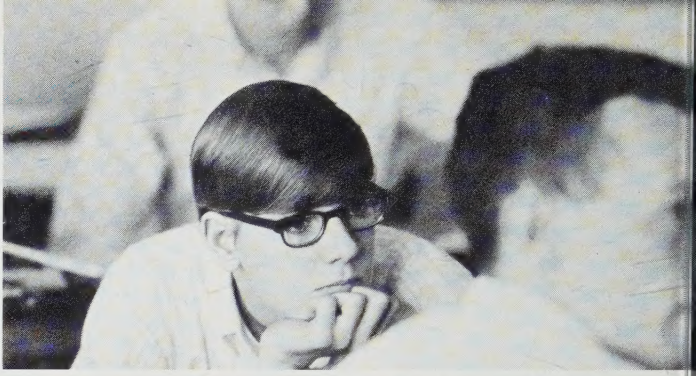
WHAT TIME IS IT?



. . . "Out of a huddle at McCaskey High

"Why not turn an issue of YOUTH magazine over to the studen at some high school?" And that's how it started.

Earlier this year, the editor of YOUTH sat down with a group students at J. P. McCaskey High School in Lancaster, Pa., who h responded to an invitation to do their own thing in our magazin Our liaison with the school and with the students was Mrs. Inez Lon a friend of the magazine and a classroom teacher of English and re gious literature at McCaskey.

Deadlines were set. And then the group of students began me ing after school and on weekends. They selected the theme, "Wh Time Is It?" They probed the theme. They wrote about it. And th invited other students to respond.

Among the group were staff members of **Vidette,** McCaske biweekly newspaper, and **Generation,** the literary publication, as w as staff of two underground student publications, **Ursa Minor** a **Mediocre Media.** They also drew the best from these publicatio realizing that whatever they selected had to have more than lo interest. And they turned to Mr. Robert Hickey's art classes for the b there.

Working behind the scenes on this issue were the followi Madeleine Butler, Diane Cohen, Bill Cooper, David Englert, Sus Hartman, Pete Simpson, Richard Stevens, all seniors; Barbara Brons Jeff Conrad, Bill Crabtree, Doug Dennison, Tim Fichtner, Sue Iannece Eugene Jackson, Joyce Kerr, Mary Miller, Minnie Underwood, Melc Weiskott, juniors; Gay Fackre, Felicia Shipley, sophomores.

The group asked the staff of YOUTH to make the final select of art and manuscripts, take photos of the school, and do the layc Because we could not print everything, we limited the verbal cont to shorter pieces, putting aside some longer, but equally thought writing. Our special thanks to this group of students, Mrs. Long, a

ıe administration at McCaskey High for their cooperation.

McCaskey is the only high school in Lancaster. Its student body Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. Ten percent are Negro. The ty itself is a mixture. It has a big-city feeling — industrial plants, lack ghetto, urban renewal, suburban circles and three college ımpuses (Franklin and Marshall College, Millersville State College, and ıncaster Theological Seminary). It has a rural feeling — surrounded y rolling hills and the rich farmlands of the Pennsylvania Dutch ountry. It has a historic, old-country feeling — the oldest and largest land town of Colonial America, capital-for-a-day of the United States, ometown of President James Buchanan, Thaddeus Stevens, and Robert ılton, and the birthplace of the Conestoga Wagon and the Kentucky fle.

Ever since William Penn invited its settlers here, the county has een a center for those who have opposed war — the Amish, Men- onites, Brethren, and Quakers. Some still wear the "plain garb."

But around McCaskey High, it's obvious the latest garb is what ou'll find anywhere in the country. Each noon McCaskey's more than 000 students are fed in the cafeteria in 80 minutes. The enrollment growing. There are more students than desks, and so the auditorium ıd cafeteria become study halls when not in use. There are more rs than parking spaces.

In the large library are 15,500 books, 100 current magazines, us atlases, filmstrips, and recordings. Athletic teams haven't been nning, "but wait till next year." Swimmers tease about the green ım on the indoor pool. Students in the "lost wing" of the building ıile when visitors can't find the "secret staircase." Loitering in the bby is not permitted because of a disturbance last fall when school as closed for a day.

But let's hear it from the students . . .

Youth / Volume 20 Number 12

June 15, 1969

Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
Assoc. Editor: Laura-Jean Mashrick
Art Consultant: Charles Newton
Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen
Secretary: Jane Popp
Editorial address: Room 806, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

YOUTH magazine
is published
for high school young people
of the
United Church of Christ
and
The Episcopal Church
An **Horizons** edition is published
for young people of the
Church of the Brethren
YOUTH is also
recommended for use
among young people of the
Anglican Church of Canada

YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The *Horizons* Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by the General Board – Church of the Brethren.

Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

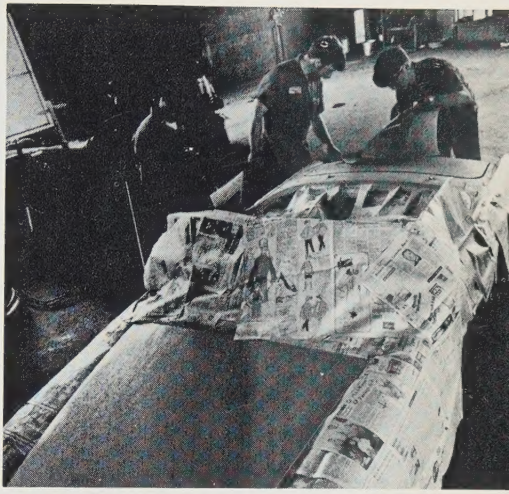
Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, $3.00 a year. Group rates, three or more to one address, $2.40 each. Single copies, 25 cents each, double issues, 50 cents.

Subscription offices: *United Church of Christ:* Division of Publication, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Episcopal Church:* Circulation Department, YOUTH magazine, Room 310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Church of the Brethren:* General Board, 1451 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill. 60120.

Copyright © 1969 by United Church Press.

All photos by Ed Eckstein
Design: Peggy Powell

WHAT TIM



It is time for Black and White people to acknowledge the respect due to both.

Patrice Polite

It's a time of change, awakening, resolution, and increasing impersonalization.

Nancy Valavanes

I feel that it is the time to live — make the most of one's opportunities and develop one's self to the fullest possible extent.

Pamela McFeren

think it is time for everyone to give a ttle instead of always taking.

Henry John

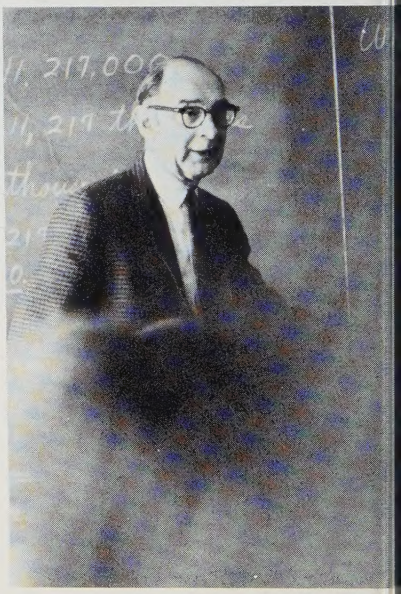
:35. Don't you have a watch?" . . . "Time to run to class" . . .

It is time to think about the direction we are going. With overpopulation and advanced technology, our society is losing its individuality and basic human feelings.

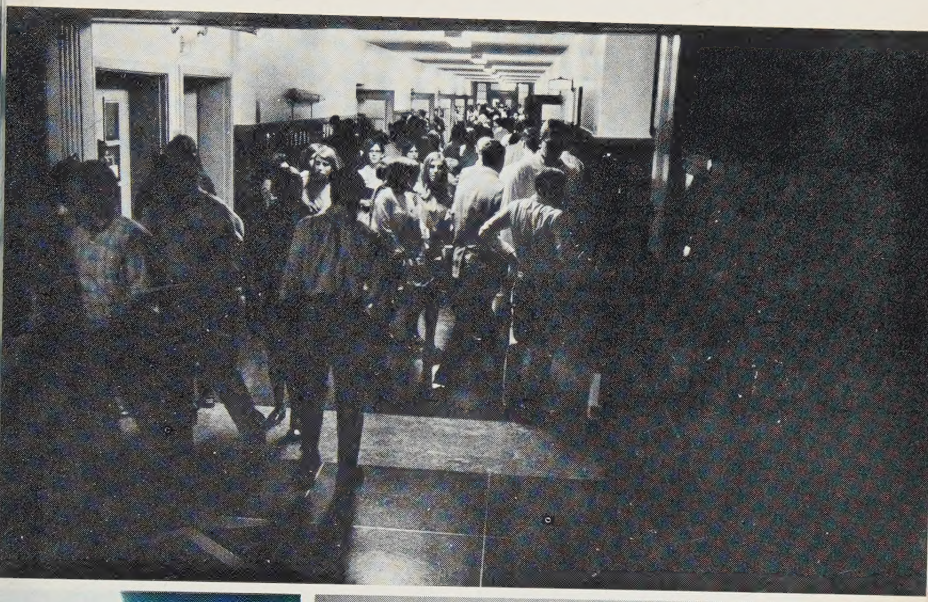
Marcia Urich

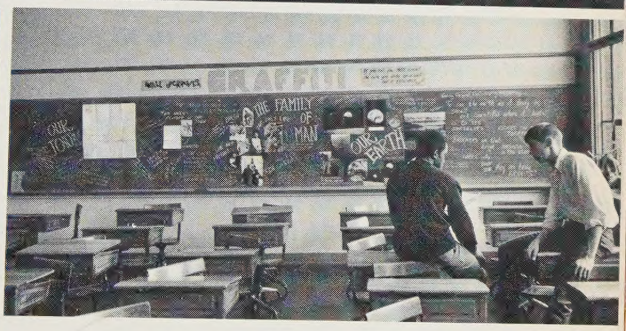
The time has come for us to stop being afraid to express ourselves, and to let our views be known. How can we expect to make the other man understand, if he doesn't know what to understand?

Gloria Roberson



"Early, man. Plenty of time. Take it easy" . . . "Later than you think" .





It is time for the world to open its eyes and ears and realize that we, the younger generation, are human and will soon control this world.

Donovan Smith

"About time for a change" . . .

A STITCH IN TIME

As we came in we saw her rocking back and forth in a rocking chair. With her shawl, her spectacles, and her white hair pulled back in a bun, we could guess that the little bag next to her held her sewing. She was making a quilt of patches, each with a different design. There was an odd blue patch just where she had finished sewing. It didn't look right there, she thought. It would be better to put it back toward the middle. This was her first quilt. She should have left the blue patch at the end. She started pulling stitches.

There were two men coming into Washington. One of them was nearly drunk. The other was rather stupid. They had a silly argument. The drunken one claimed he could climb to the top of th Washington monument; the stup one bet him that he couldn They drove around and around t city looking for it. They could find it. They stopped a pedestria

"Hey, buddy. How do ya g to the Washington monument?"

"The what, old chap?"

"The Washington monumen

"I dare say I haven't the foggie notion of what you're talki about."

"Don't get wise with me, or get out and punch you."

"Do that, and I'll call a co stable."

The old woman ripp out some more stitches. She found a place for the bl patch.

"I'm home, Mommy," yell Billy Smith as he ran into t kitchen, dying to show his moth his spelling test. Into the kitch

ıe ran, and there stood Mommy. Mrs. Smith said, "Hello, little ıoy. Who are you?"

"I'm Billy, Mommy."

"Why, hello, Billy. Where do ou live?"

"Here, Mommy."

"Mommy? Oh, Billy, you're mis-aken. I'm not your mommy. I on't have a son named Billy."

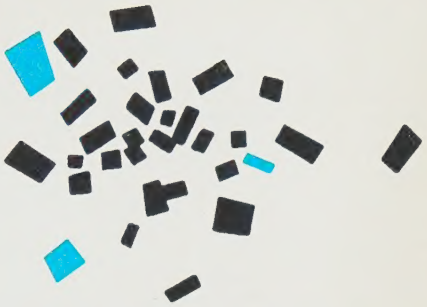
"Yes, yes! I'm Billy. You're my ıommy."

"But you're not my son, Billy. ve never seen you before."

"Mommy,! Mommy, you are too ıy mommy. I'm Billy. I'm Billy. says so right at the top of my pelling paper."

The old woman realized ıer mistake. She had pulled out oo many stitches and all the atches had begun to fall apart rom each other. All the patches ad fallen apart. The old wom-n would have to start over, but he'd forgotten how the pieces ad fit together. It was a quilt, he thought, so it really didn't natter.

It was Mrs. Smith's carpool day, ut Billy was nowhere to be seen. Irs. Smith waited, but no one ame out of the school to her car.



She decided to go in to find Billy.

As she walked into the school, she saw Billy standing by the door and looking out. "Why didn't you come? Get into that car at once, William Smith. Do you hear me?"

Billy stood there.

"Well?"

"Who are you?"

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, "wait until your father hears about this." She grabbed Billy by the arm. Billy remembered what his teacher had said about taking rides with strangers. Screaming, Billy ran away.

There, it's all put back together, thought the old woman. There, face to face, stood Pilate and Arnold, Attila and Hitler, Booth and Oswald, Stalin and Nero. Anyway, rationalized the old woman as she surveyed her redone handiwork. Anyway it looks better like this. With that the Cosmic Grandmother threw us into the fire.

Peter Simpson

art by Raymond Reece

. . . and he walked

down all the sad dark streets
and through the blackened alleys

night after lonely night

looking at the reflections
that streetlamps made in puddles
and at the yellowness of nighttime storm clouds.

sometimes

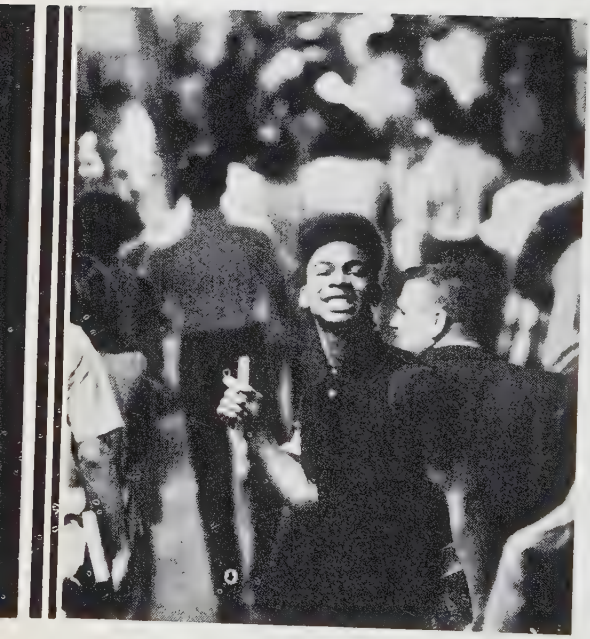
he followed the white line
down the middle of the highway
stepping slowly,
careful not to fall off it

sometimes

he ran for miles and miles
through fields that weren't there
and laughed at the way
the wind brought tears to his eyes.
he lost himself in nighttime
and found himself in flowers
and looked for innocent girls on street corners
to talk to and to look at
and he knew well the language of gentleness
and spoke without words often
and searched for
what all the poems had told him so beautifully,
but the daytime came
and killed him

with its people
and their blind hearts
and he died within his mind
in knowing that the ugly world
might touch him.

Jan Athey



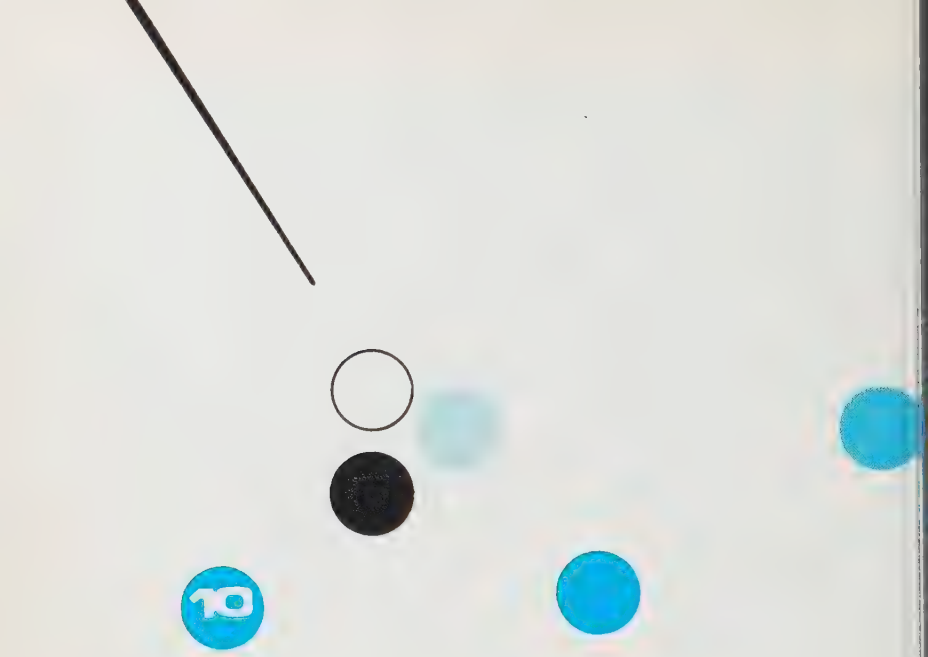
Black was my color,
Blacky my name;
Whitey was master
And I was the slave

Now black is my co
And Mister my name
And God is my Mas
But I am no slave.

Eugene Jack

am black as black as night
nd could not be much prouder
feel not shame
nor guilt nor fear
nd it really does not matter
or in my soul a history lurks
ne of fame and riches
nd in my mind the future hides
future which holds riches.
nd now my brother the choice is ours
choice with many troubles
ront or back we pitch our hearts.
lan or slave, our children ask,
nd now what do we tell them?
or they, for we were slaves of men
ll God enhanced our victory.
nd now we're slaves of the hate we hold
nd who will give us victory?

Eugene Jackson



Ten ball.

. . . why did it happen? that's a dumb question. it's been in th making a long time, and i really can't blame them for . . .

Bank the three.

. . . what they did. they probably wouldn't have had to tear thing up like that, but they've tried almost everything else. maybe some . .

One straight in.

. . . violence was needed to open our eyes. i'm lucky. i can rela like this, but they can't. they need a place to go; somewhere where the can . . .

Six.

. . . take it easy and release some tension. that's one eleme they've got plenty of. you can't blame them either. it's so rough bein black in today's society. all they really want . . .

Two ball off the seven.

. . . is what we've had all along. oh, sure, there are some suprem tists who want more, and they're usually the troublemakers, but the

compose a pitifully small minority. unfortunately . . .

Fourteen.

. . . those are the ones who make the front page. we told them that they were free. that was over a hundred years ago, but we'll never get anywhere as long as one bigot exists. i like . . .

Thirteen.

. . . to think i'm not prejudiced, but i am. i'm prejudiced against bigots. that's a contradiction, but life is full of contradictions.

Twelve.

like a countdown, isn't it? yes, we're counting the years. counting how long it will take for us to come around to realizing the right way to live with people, the . . .

Eleven.

. . . real meaning of love. we cannot afford to have too much time pass, for time is at a premium. time, if we could only have it back and . . .

Eight ball cross-corner.

. . . maybe change it somehow. but time is the world's most unvarying progressive. time has no reverse, just forward gears — and one neutral. neutral is for the periods . . .

Five ball.

. . . when time doesn't move, where things never change. we almost slipped into neutral today. in fact, matters almost regressed. it would have . . .

Four into the fifteen.

. . . been a first, but who wants one like that. time must never return, mankind must never return, to the ideals and practices of our past. we must forever look towards . . .

Nine.

. . . the future, for that holds our only hope. we must not allow separatist feelings, instilled by those of the past to control the destiny of the future. the . . .

Four, the whole way up.

. . . future is for those bold enough to face it with fresh, open ideas. there must nevermore be a day when man's worth is decided by his skin color or personal convictions.

Seven ball.

the last one, and now we must decide. what is our course of action? what shall we do?

Time, Jack.

yes, it most certainly is time.

C. Gardner Armstrong

art by Jennie Oehme

1 *A lone*
recruit
can't see
the lights,
of guns
of bombs
or ghastly
sights.
Across
the sea
as plain
as day,
home lights
shine bright
so far
away.

2 *Unsung*
unknown
but still
alive;
I tried
to sleep
instead
of cry.

3 *I heard*
the war
inside
my veins.
Then saw
rich blood
pour out
like rain.

4 *Tonight*
a red
disease
erupts,
provokes
and then
deflates
our men.
In blood
and pain
this germ
of war
commands.

5 *A war*
erupts
like old
volcan
OO
O's.

6 *Tonight*
advance
ascend
the hill.
Run, run
before
you die!
Alone
and still
I tried
to kill.
Run, run
before
I die
inside.

1. Nancy Rittenhouse
2. Minnie Underwood
3. Kathy Eaby
4. Jan Wiley
5. Jim Morant
6. Darlene Parmer

TIME FOR A NEW HOPE

After traveling for nine rejeds and for a distance o elevent felics, we have finally reached a new home. Th journey was long and treacherous, but of the seventy-fiv Zenns who started the trip, forty-eight have survive This is fantastic, considering the low supply of hydroge available on the trip. As one might suspect, only th strong survived. But thanks to our new home, our color will have a supply lasting for years to come.

Our migration began in our old home of Zenn-F Because of evil practices on the part of many of ou people, in disobedience to birth control laws, the popul tion on our planet continued to boom. This brought th previous shortage of life-giving hydrogen, used in makin radioactive waves on which our people survived, to critical low. Despite the shortage, there was still enoug time left to plan a mass migration to another planet wher hydrogen would be more abundant. Ignorant of this fac the lower classes rioted in fear for their lives. Treatmen of the injured used up even more of the precious hydro gen. Thus, after observing that a distant planet in anothe galaxy was rich in radioactive hydrogen, our league o scientists made a desperate escape from the dying plane

Today we are building a new colony — clearin jungles of this desolate planet. Oddly enough we hav discovered ruins of an ancient civilization. As of yet w have not come up with a reason for its decay. One worl man found an object decorated with these symbol "PHILADELPHIA, the City of Brotherly Love." Is this symbol of goodness reaching up to us from the dead What are the lessons we should learn if we are not to b buried someday, too, beneath the ashes of this desolat planet which is now our only hope?

Bill McKinne

SO WHAT'S YOU

For it's Time now to savor the merits of Life,
Before your existence is snuffed in the strife.

With the rat-race a-hummin' and spinnin' and runnin',
There's barely a second for tannin' and sunnin'.

If you're all the time hustlin' and bustlin' to go,
Then you'll drown in the flood; why not float in the flow?

URRY, MAN?

you cease the incessant, and hop off the ride,
ou will find that the scenery is nicer outside.

iff the air, not the oil, so your nose doesn't spoil.
ear the birds, not the gears. Take your time, save your ears.

hy not take off a moment; inhale just a whiff.
ecreation's for pleasure. Come, pause for a sniff.

Tim Fichtner

LOVE

Young love is like an apple
It's eaten and it's gone
Existing simply for pursuit
It dies on being found.

John Goeke

FREEDOM

Who is more free than the little fish
Who darts about with little fear?
The universe is his domain
To explore, exploit, and engineer.

He parades like a god in his silvery sheath
With no boundaries to confine his soul.
How Roman he looks as he triumphantly stru
Through his six-inch diameter bowl.

Mike N

art by Carol Friedman

WISDOM

Wisdom, like an owl,
Stares into one's mind.
It is like a light in the forest,
Bringing knowledge,
And a thief in the night,
Stealing innocence.

Linda Ziegler

BIG MAN

He picked on kids who were not smart;
Big man.
He picked on kids who were very weak;
Big man.
He picked on kids whose clothes he disliked;
Big man.
He picked on the wrong kid one day;
Too bad, big man, too bad.

Robert Kreider

TINY ANT

Working hard, they build mountains and tunnels.
Ants.
They are very busy little creatures.
They fight
Miniature battles and wars.
Inflicting harm and slaughtering senselessly.
Crunch.
A single step from a small boy kills them all.
Pity them for wasting their lives in conflict.

Frank Homburge

.oneliness: a demon spilling
wful explosions on friendship.
.oneliness is attentive,
lways afraid of brotherhood.

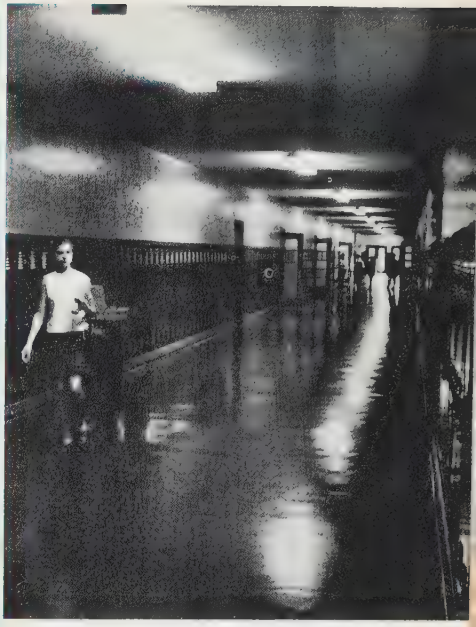
.ike a tomb the mind lies empty
/here the secret feelings enter;
.oneliness is like a blindfold,
he eyes of love forever hidden.

.onely, homely,
Jo one seeks you.
Valk the quiet
path to nowhere,
Hoping you will find
a somewhere.

onely is
he dying woman
/rinkled by age
eleased from time.

), my love bird,
itting empty hearted:
onesome love sings sadly,
adly.

1. George Shickel
2. Debbie Bacon
3. Robert Erb
4. Ron Stout
5. Elba Burgos



LONELINESS

APPLE

but it's time for recess
and i brought my apple
and the people are real again
and miss tompkins and 3rd grade

look mom see the picture i made
and she acknowledged and i smiled
susie beat me in a race

at 6th grade graduation there were three trumpe
and i got a safety patrol award
i lost a gym sock somebody took it
gosh I'll never see miss smith again

but there is no recess here
and it's so big and noisy
and the big kids kick me around
but i don't cry any more
we have men teachers and
different rooms and an auditorium
and homeroom teachers and
no more birthday parties

and susie asked for my first date
and we went to a dance with four others
i was in a different world
and she didn't beat me in any more races

and there were festivals and cotton candy
and band and majorettes and
i went steady with a policeman's daughter
and she liked someone else

cried at graduation i didn't want to leave
gave a speech and they clapped
go back but it's small and the
tle kids the fountains were lowered

Merry Mack

nd now i'm here or so i'm told
s big and overwhelmingly depressing
nd elating and gloomy and sad
m not ready . . . take me back.
. . we used to play submarine tag
nd i was the fastest airplane
iss tompkins liked me best
. . i always had my apple . . .

David Englert

Susanne Pigford

art by Tony Papodimitr

TIME FOR STUDENTS

One day our teacher
showed us a big picture of a unicorn
and told us:
where it lived
and what it ate
and other things which I thought were very personal
and I won't mention here.
Just then a tall bright student
challenged
that unicorns didn't exist
and that the teacher must be mistaken.
Sure they exist, she said,
it says so here in the book.

Most days it doesn't pay to get out of bed
but never, never, never does it pay to think.

Keith Stamen

ROM A TEACHER

hey are very hard on the human race —
these young people.
n their opinion we are
Bigoted
Opinionated
Sadistically cruel
eneral bunglers, destroyers of hope.

low very rude of them!

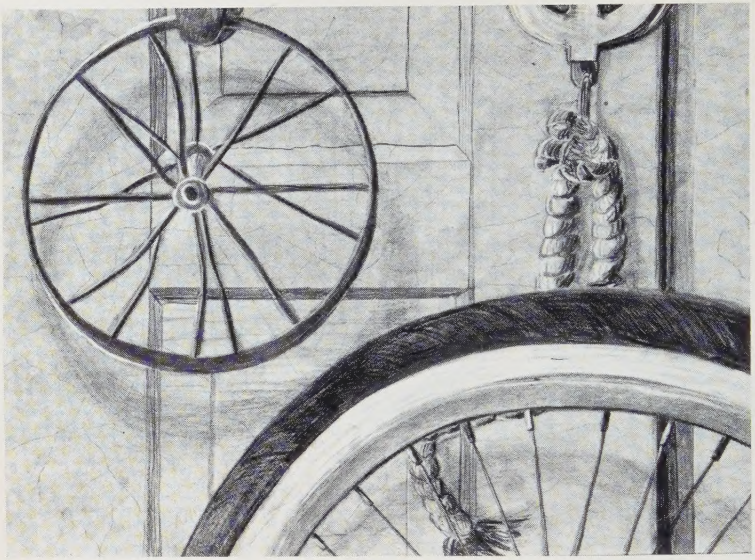
ut the years have taught me tolerance
nd I can quite easily forgive them
or being, by turns,
Brash
Ignorant
Cynical
Naive
eglecters of deeds and seekers of dreams.

find it very difficult, however,
o forgive them for being right.

iss Kathryn Buckwalter, A Classroom Teacher

Jeff McLaughlin

Marcia Kauffman



PAST-PRESENT-FUTURE

Today's world is one of complex machines,
Making cloth in yards and paper reams.
We work 1-6-8 hours a week, day and night,
Planning ahead in years to dates we'll never sig
Look in a mirror, look at your face,
You'll have to keep up with life's quickening pa
The world is spinning with Time, the referee.
If you get knocked down, don't cry, "Help me!"
Get back on your feet, and do it with haste,
For there is no time that you can just waste.
The future is coming. Here it is. Now it's past
You didn't realize time could travel so fast.
What happened in history is over and done,
It cannot be changed by anyone.
We ask a question, "What time is it?"
But no one knows quite how to answer it.
Because while we search for something to say,
Now and tomorrow have become yesterday.

William Cra

STATE FARM LIFE INSURANCE
CAR

Ken Arloff

WHAT I WOULD MISS IF I HAD TO SAY GOODBYE TO MY WORLD AND TIME

the ringing of the phone when I want someone to call
snuggling under mounds of blankets on a cold night
king up and finding I have some extra time to just lie there in bed
the wagging of my dog's tail when I come home
wondering what is going on inside people I sit next to
fresh dewy buns on Saturday morning
the smell of lawn cuttings
3:20 p.m. on Friday

Debbie Bacon